

THE HOUGHTON STAR

OFFICIAL STUDENT WEEKLY

VOLUME XXIII

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., OCTOBER 31, 1930

NUMBER 7

Dr. Palmer Gives Excellent Talk

Cornell Professor of Biology Here

On Thursday, October 23, Dr. Lawrence Palmer of Cornell University and Editor of the Nature Leaflets which are sent to all rural schools, was present and conducted our Chapel. He showed us in a most interesting and educational way that the children and older people of our land today are ignorant to a large extent of the conditions of nature which surround them. Children are taught concerning exotic animals instead of those which live near their own homes. In the animal story books which Santa leaves in the kiddies' stockings at Christmas time, the pictures of indigenous animals are seldom found. In the course of his lecture, Dr. Palmer gave us a new and original Animal Alphabet. In this the common bat took the place of the bear; the Kingbird took the place of the Kangaroo, and the Zephyrs took the place of the Zebra. It was the privilege of Miss Rork, the Professor of Biology in our College to take some work under Dr. Palmer. Indeed, this must have been most enjoyable, for he is an entertaining speaker. We wish to welcome him back to our College again.

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First Lecture Course Number Held

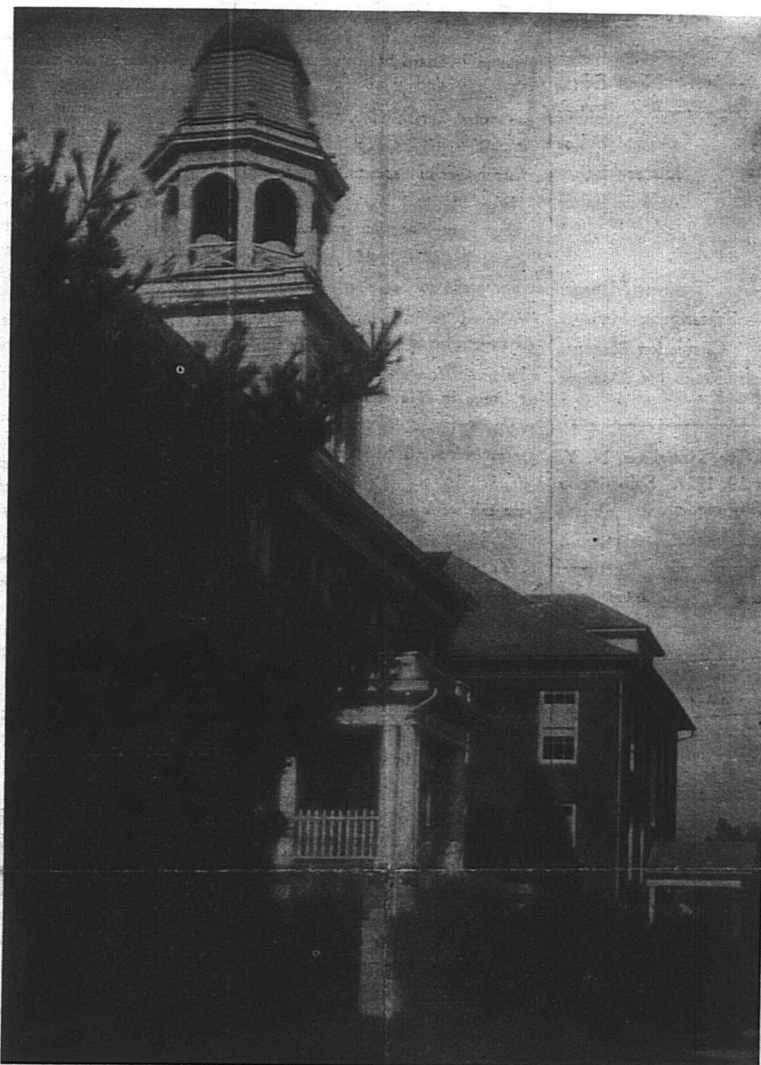
Eastman Artists Give Fine Program

Our lecture course opened last Friday night with a musical treat, the type of which is altogether too rare in Houghton. We would like to hear more of this high type of art in Houghton College since our school stands for the highest in all things.

The program arrangement showed very careful choice for the various kinds of music lent variety and the program as a whole was graded from the serious to the less serious or light. While some of the audience may have felt that certain parts of the program was a little difficult to understand, there was something in every number that could be enjoyed by all.

Mr. Kunz was at his best in his first number, the "Sonata" of Cesar Franck. Mr. Kunz plays with a naturalness and sincerity which shows devotion to his art. He drew the entire attention of his listeners and held it throughout his part on the program. In his second group of violin solos two Jewish composers were represented, Ernest Bloch and David Hochstein. In the improvised "Nigun" Mr. Kunz brought out in a vivid manner that peculiar melodic characteristic which is found in Jewish music. The "Minuet" of Hochstein was delightfully rendered and

(Continued on Page Two)



Administration Building

SUNDAY MESSAGE FROM 2nd CHAPTER COLLOSSIANS

The morning hour of worship was opened by singing "We're Marching to Zion." After a special number "Wonderful Grace of Jesus" by the choir, Rev. Pitt brought us a splendid message based on the first seven verses of the second chapter of Collossians. He remarked that so many people do not wholly believe God's word. There are three steps toward spiritual richness in assurance of God's word. First, square up with God. Get on right terms with Him. Second, learn to live together with the church of God. Third, be comforted. In order to be comforted you must have the Comforter, the blessed Holy Spirit. Take God's word by faith. It is true.

The evening service was in charge of the Y. M. W. B. A very interesting program was given. After several songs there was a drill given by four small girls. Esther Fancher gave a reading. After this there was another drill and then Florence Clissold and Elizabeth MacFarlane sang "My Father Knows." As the next number Mrs. Marvin gave a splendid talk on "Why should we be interested in Missions?" We should be interested because of the great need and because God says "go and tell."

FROSH ELECT

A new notice appeared on the bulletin board—but you probably didn't find it snuggled in among the "1924 model" notices and age old announcements—last Thursday afternoon. It was the returns from the latest election and ye "Honorable Knights of the Green Lid" announce the following as the honored victims:

President—Ernest Pierce
Vice-President—Elizabeth Cam-bier
Treasurer—Raymond Berry.

Hail to the victors! And here's wishing them the least troublesome troubles possible.

REVIVALS NOV. 4-9

There will be three services each day—9:50 a. m., 2:30 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Dr. C. W. Butler, President of the National Holiness Association, will be the evangelist. He is a nationally known evangelist and Bible teacher.

Card of Thanks

I wish to express my deep appreciation to the members of the Sophomore class and Student body for their expressions of sympathy.

Gladys L. Davison.

EXPRESSION CLUB GIVES HALLOWE'EN PROGRAM

The Expression Club expressed itself in the language of Halloween last Monday. The audience was put in the spooky mood by the violin solo by Doris Clegg. Harold Hume then read, "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin." This brought to us memories of the old farm with the corn in the shock and the pumpkins lying all around the field with the crisp touch of frost on everything. Dora Waite and Isabelle Hawn sang for us after which "A History of Halloween" was given by Lawrence Benson. The first public appearance of Aileen Schaus on a Houghton program was very pleasing. She read "Little Orphan Annie." Margaret Carter rendered the "Witches Dance" in her pleasing manner. "Tom Sawyer Sees Ghosts" was read by Inez Huffington the concluding number.

After the program the Club held a business meeting at which the following were elected:

President—Theda Thomas
Vice-Pres.—Bernice Davis
Secretary—Edna Roberts
Treasurer—Winona Ware.

You can give without loving, but you cannot love without giving.—Sel.

Persian Missionary Visits Koughton

Rev. Y. H. Shahbaz Brings Stirring Message

Rev. Y. H. Shahbaz, noted as a missionary, traveler and author, spoke in chapel Wednesday morning. Mr. Shahbaz is a native Persian, a citizen of the United States and has served seventeen years as a missionary under the support of the Persian Baptist Mission Committee in Persia. During the years in Persia Mr. Shahbaz did a great work among his people. Now that conditions are again somewhat favorable in Persia for missionary work, Mr. Shahbaz has been urged to return to take up his work again. The students of Houghton certainly enjoyed Mr. Shahbaz talk.

In the Bible we read of the Syrians, Medes, Persians, and Babylonians. All of these nations are at present extinct except the Persian kingdom. It stands today as one of the oldest and largest of ancient countries. The size of Persia is very nearly equal to the area of all the states east of the Mississippi, Michigan excluded. From 15,000,000 people there are 300,00 Christians. Of this number before the World War, there were 3,000 Protestants and at

(Continued from Page Three)

OLD STUDENTS BEAT FROSH

Frosh Make Good Showing Against Varsity

The basket ball season was opened last Friday afternoon by a boy's game between the Old Students and the Freshmen. The game was fairly close as far as the score was concerned but no spectacular playing was witnessed. Flint occupied his usual place as high scorer with 16 points while Farnsworth came a close second with 13 to his credit.

The Freshmen show some promising material for the series this year in Harrison, Farnsworth and Nelson, all of whom wear the purple.

		FG	FP	TP
Vogan	LF	5	0	10
Mein	LF	2	0	4
Albro	RF	0	0	0
Flint	C	7	2	16
Fisk	RG	7	0	2
Folger	LR	1	0	2
Roth	LR	1	0	7
Total				36
Mix	LF	4	1	9
Farnsworth	RF	6	1	13
Fancher	C	1	0	2
Harrison	LG	0	1	2
Nelson	RG	1	3	5
Montjoy	RF	0	1	1
Total				31

Referees Frank and Baker
Scorers Corsette and Johnson
Timers Little and Dietrich

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Collegiate Sam Says:

He who has gets; and he who has not gets—left.—Ex.

"BUY THE TRUTH, AND SELL IT NOT."

Who is Dr. C. W. Butler? He is a voice speaking the Word of God. He is the wielder of the Sword of the Spirit,—or he is nothing at all as far as we are concerned. But we believe he is something—God's channel of blessing to Houghton through the medium of the revival meetings to be held next week.

Why Dr. Butler in Houghton? Why any evangelist? "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of of the fullness of Christ: that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive."

Do we need these things that God gives us through the ministries of His Word? Defection from the faith is on every hand. The only safeguard we have is a vital, personal experience in saving grace, a receiving from the hand of God a love of the truth that we may be saved. Those who have lost the glory do not long keep the truth.

"Buy the truth, and sell it not."

J. G. R.

HOOS HOO

A nice, chubby chap continuously radiating fun and wise cracks. This person has a keen sense of humor and is thoroughly a "jolly good fellow."

Last week's Hoos Hoo—Miss Maxine Morgan.

GREETINGS

Louise Zickler—Nov. 1
Addie Belle Bever—Nov. 3
Edna Haynes—Nov. 4
Harvey Jennings—Nov. 5
Elsie Sinclair—Nov. 5
Henry Weiss—Nov. 5.

HOUGHTON HAPPENINGS

Mable Farrwell's parents visited her Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Cronk were in Ithaca Sunday.

Rev. O. G. McKinley was in Houghton Tuesday.

Mary Stoddard has returned to her home in Philadelphia.

Winona Carter's parents of Syracuse visited her Sunday.

Lucile Wilson spent the week-end at her home in Panama.

Betty Cambier entertained her brother here Thursday night.

Alice Brown spent the week-end at her home in Bradford, Pa.

Mildred Stoddard spent the week-end at her home in Cattaraugus.

Bernice Woodard spent Sunday at her home in Wellsbury, N. Y.

Celia Williams and friend of Belfast attended the Lecture Course.

Beulah Brown of the class of '30, spent the week-end in Houghton.

Mr. and Mrs. Tierney of Wallace, N. Y., visited Lucile Hatch Sunday.

Rev. B. F. Fairfield and Kathryn Fairfield were in Houghton Tuesday.

Hollis Stevenson of the Buffalo Dental School, visited in town Sunday.

Pauline Beattie Shipman, of the class of '30, was in Houghton Sunday.

Lucile Hatch entertained her parents of Midland, Pa., over the week-end.

Willet Albrow, of the class of '30, attended the Lecture Course Friday night.

Gladys Davison and Lois Sweet have returned to school after a week's absence.

Miss Isabel Poate of Shanghai, China was the guest of Mary K. Thomas Saturday.

Mrs. Le Roy Fancher and Roscoe Fancher, who have been ill for several days, are improving.

John Kluzit, of the class of '30, spent the week-end with his wife, Mrs. Stephanie Kluzit.

Louise Brown, Mary Lytle, Mabel Seltzer, Norma Gage and Blanche Gage were in Hornell Monday.

Louise Minnis was the guest of Christine VanHosen, at her home in Franklinville for the week-end.

Professor Frank Wright preached at two services in the First Methodist Church of Bradford, Pa., Sunday.

Miss Georgiana Totman and Mr. Parker Totman of Fredonia were guests of Miss Edith Noss over the week-end.

Professor Claude Ries spoke at the Teacher's Conference at Rushford last Thursday. The College Quartet sang.

Mrs. Alfred Kreckman is in Rochester taking care of Mr. Kreckman's mother who has recently returned from the hospital.

Adrian Everets who was operated on for appendicitis is improving. His mother and sister of Corning, N. Y. came to see him Sunday.

Captain and Mrs. G. M. Whitaker, and daughter, Clare, visited his parents, Professor and Mrs. Whitaker, Monday. Mr. Whitaker is Quartermaster at the National Military Home at Dayton, Ohio.

CHAPEL

(Continued from Page One)

On Tuesday, October 28, Professor F. H. Wright spoke to us from the passage, John 3:16. "God created us in His image. He was not responsible for the fall of mankind, however, He is morally obligated to lift us from this plane of sin, and to relieve the lost world. Imagine: strong young man going to a slave-market. When he reaches the block where they are being sold, he is impressed by the appearance of one. The slave is purchased, taken away and given freedom. His ransom made him a love slave of the man who purchased his release. God, in the person of his Son came down to earth. The market-place of mankind. He paid the ransom by His blood and thus redeemed us. He began with love which is the lowest point of redemption. If education could save the world, it would have been saved long ago. It never has, and it never will redeem the human race. Wealth does not; war does not; extirpating heresy does not. Love must be reciprocated. Only as one's heart is open to divine love, can one be reconciled. If our hearts are open to Him, there will be setting up in them a redeeming process. All He asks is that we love and serve Him."

LECTURE COURSE

(Continued from Page One)

judging from the applause was equally well received as was the encore to the "Praeludium et Allegro" of Pugnani-Kreisler.

Miss Vickland's delightful personality tend to make her audience feel that she is sharing her music with them rather than performing for them. Her interpretation of the French group "Serenade" by Poldowski and "Aria from L'Enfant Prodigue" by Debussy was excellent. Her diction throughout the entire program was good. The English group was very well given. This group was lighter and more attractive. Her encore was of a very melancholic type. It was "I Seek What I Do Not Find, and I Find What I Do Not Seek."

Mr. Balaban, the accompanist, is an artist to the fullest extent of the word. His most exacting work was in the "Sonata."

Houghton certainly extends a hearty welcome to programs of as high calibre as that rendered by the Eastman Artists.

Friday night November twelfth we are anticipating another such program from the harpist and group from the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse. These are opportunities which we cannot afford to miss.

Mr. Gordon Stevenson, Mr. Marshall Stevenson, Mr. Theodore Sample, Mr. Homer Fero and Mr. Elon Wiles spent the week-end in Mooers, N. Y. Gordon and Marshall visited their parents while Mr. Wiles was a guest of Mr. Sample and Mr. Fero the guest of Miss Mildred Stevenson, a former Houghton student.

President Luckey has spent the last few days organizing chapters of the Alumni Association. Thursday he attended a dinner in Plattsburg and Saturday one in New York City. Professor LeVay Fancher and Professor Stanley Wright joined him in Elmira to attend a dinner there Monday and also one in Syracuse Tuesday.

Literary Corner

Traveling by rail has to me always seemed a pleasure, perhaps because I never had ridden alone or very far at one trip. In my childhood days, if I happened to be near the station and heard the locomotives whistle, I would run as fast as I could in order to catch even a glimpse of the train. To me, the engineer was the embodiment of what heroes are made of. Think of the fun of steering a train all over the country! Why, he did not even have to fire the engine; the fireman did all that dirty work. A long, illuminated train rushing through the night looked very beautiful to me. So ran my childish thoughts—on and on.

Then, last summer I was given the privilege of traveling on a train from Boston, Mass. to Marlboro, New Hampshire. I had spent the day in Boston. Trying to see all the sights in so brief a time resulted in my seeing only a few of them. But I enjoyed it, nevertheless.

Late in the afternoon I arrived breathless at the South Station, after having trudged blocks, carrying a heavy suitcase. Such a maze of tracks, trains, hurrying porters and weary-looking people! I had never known that such enormous railroad stations existed. Being completely lost in the great whirl of humanity, I immediately engaged the first porter I saw, so I would be sure to get aboard the right train.

It was quite a seedy looking train but in my joy and dumbness I never noticed what sort of a train I happened to be on. After a few minutes of waiting a great series of jerks and bumpings took place and we started. I was, I thought, to have such a peaceful journey—just riding along with nothing to do but read my book and look out of the window. I might have ample opportunity to view the various fellow-passengers. After a couple hours I had finished my book. Heavens, I thought, we must be nearly there. Maybe I had absent-mindedly ridden right on past Marlboro.

The conductor was a very jolly old man, so I asked him. He good-heartedly boomed, "Land, No! my girl, good ways from Marlboro yet!"

So on we rattled—clickety, clickety—click. These "clicks" should have said in imagination "Here we go—here we go," or something like that. Anyway, that's what most train-travelers always think. But the clicks were just plain clicks to me and I rode on without the comfort of the clicks meaning anything. The telegraph poles could be seen very plainly as they stalked slowly by. They did not whiz past as they do when one is traveling at a great rate of speed.

Steadily and slowly, up, up, up we went. Every half-hour or so, some passenger would alight at a tiny station. Loved ones were there with the family car to greet them. At each of these happy family re-unions I plastered my nose flat against the dirty window and wished with all my heart that I could be right there an acting member in a scene like that.

After a few miles more, I was the only passenger left in that particular coach. Visions of night spent in these wild mountains in a strange little hen-coop of a station filled me with terror and homesickness. I might never see old New York again. Tears came to my eyes but I refused to let them spill down my cheeks.

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PERSIAN MISSIONARY

(Continued from Page One)

present only 500. The rule of the country is held chiefly by the Mohammedans.

Rev. Shahbaz was born in Persia. His mother was a Christian. For his education, he went first to a Christian Mission, and then to high school and college. At the age of seventeen, he came to New York City. He expected to find everyone here a Christian, but by observation soon learned that this was not so. After some preliminary schooling, he entered Colgate University. His only dollar went for hotel expenses the first night. Only his courage carried him through that first trying year. The next summer he went around lecturing and thus solved his financial problems for the rest of his course. At the same time, he helped several other Persians through Colgate.

Finally, he was ordained in New York City and went to Persia for seventeen years of missionary work followed by three years of harrowing experiences during the World War, before he returned to America.

The section where he worked was occupied by the Russians, who gave the Christians protection from the Mohammedans. The first five months of the War were peaceful in Persia. But when the Russians left on December 30 the Persian Christians despaired of their lives. The Mohammedan officials of the city met and decided to call in the cruel Kurds from the mountains near-by to massacre the Christians. One noon while he was eating he heard five thousand shots fired at once outside the city, and knew the Kurds had come. He went into the street and that afternoon witnessed a terrible slaughter of Christians in snow a foot deep. Twenty thousand were cut to pieces and the greatest sufferers were women. American women do not appreciate their privileges.

He with others escaped but was later captured by the Turks. For six months he was in prison, not being allowed to leave his cell, and deprived of bath and clean clothing. He escaped to a Christian mission where thousands of refugees were herded behind the great wall around the mission yard. There were no sanitary provisions taken and so disease took a great toll. Also, a great army of angry Kurds raged outside the walls. Rev. Shahbaz made nineteen American flag from the women's dresses and at night put these upon the walls. In the morning, the refugees felt quite safe under the American flags and the Kurds made no attempt to enter the walls. He himself never felt prouder in his life than when he viewed those flags of his adopted country. Soon after this, the Russians returned and liberated the Persian Christians. Then he with his wife and children made the long trip back to America. When he touched American soil, he felt that he was in heaven after being in hell for three years.

In closing, Rev. Shahbaz wished his blessing upon our country and our Christian schools. He urged us to be loyal to the Bible for then we are loyal to the Flag. The Bible came from Persia but they lost the Book. See what happened to them. We should be sure not to lose the Book.

Frish: A Comedy of Errors.
Soph: As You Like It.
Junior: Much Ado About Nothing.
Senior: All's Well that Ends Well.
Ex.

High School Notes

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS GLEE CLUB

The first meeting of the High School Girl's Glee Club was held October 20th, 1930. The following officers were elected:

President—Florence Clissold
Vice-President—Elizabeth McFarland
Sec. and Treas.—Mary McIvor
Librarian—Beulah Marvin

There were a goodly number present, and a progressive year is anticipated.

THE LIGHT BEARERS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The Young People's service on Sunday was devoted to the observance of World Temperance. There were four speakers, each of whom spoke on a topic relative to the world movement of controlling the liquor traffic. Miss Frieda Gillette spoke on the conditions she saw in France, England and Scotland. Then Rev. Pitt told of the failure of the present Canadian regime of liquor control. After Rev. Pitt's talk Mr. Fred Ebner told of the conditions of the young people in Germany in regard to the drink question. He told the life story of a certain young man with whom he was very well acquainted. The last he had heard from him, he said, was to the effect that the acquaintance was a Christian, attending a very fine school. Next Professor Stanley Wright compared the conditions in our own country now with what they were before prohibition.

This is the week of the election for this organization. It is very important that the will of God be done in this election. The making or the breaking of this organization depends on it. Light Bearers, support your organization; attend the Sunday afternoon services; attend the Thursday afternoon prayer meetings and the business meetings. They are all important. Above all "Pray and Work."

SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDENTS MEET, THREE THOUSAND STRONG

How would you like to attend a Sunday School of three thousand people, all enthusiastic students of the Word of God? If you were in Pyeng Yang, Korea, you could attend such a one. Since airplanes do not yet travel at five thousand miles an hour, it would be a little hard to reach Pyeng Yang in time for the early morning session. But really, it isn't so far to the college building or the church. We may not have three thousand but what is the reason why we can't have three hundred?

The blessing of the Lord is on those who study His Word.

"We gave the Book to you but we lost the Book. That is the reason for the greatness of your civilization and for our plight."

What it does for the nation, it will do for you. Don't neglect its study.

Sunday School 9:50 a.m.

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Count de Coupons

Dear Count:

If you had been a knight in yel-
olde days what motto would you
have had on your shield?

Sir Hugh of Woodlot.

Sir Hugh:

I think a good motto would have
been "First come, first severed."

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

What gives you the authority to
say that the P. R. R. was in opera-
tion in the early days?

Im Askin.

Dear Im:

The Bible says that the earth was
covered with all manner of creeping
things.

Count de Coupons.

CONTEST OPENS WITH A BANG

The Count received more letters
than he had expected so he had his
stenographer (who is real nice look-
ing, but dumb) help him look over
the letters. If you think that you
should have won first place blame her
she may have looked over your letter.
The question:

If four men singing is a male quar-
ter and two men and two women a
mixed quartet what would you call
it when four women sing?

Answer:

Dear Watcha McCallit:

Believe it or not! I myself thought
"sextet" meant six, but as far as I
can "figger" although there are only
four, it seems to me in contrasting
it with a "male quartet" that it is
an *opposite-sex-tet*.

Assuredly,

Count(ess) de Coupon.

This was sent in by an alumnus.
We are sure glad to hear from the
old students who are now making
good in the old world.

I do not know how the name hap-
pened to be signed Countess de Cou-
pon. Please be careful about these
little personal touches when you write
me because "ducky wocky" gets an-
gry very easily.

Here is this weeks letter.

Dear Count:

What is infinity?

(Name withheld)

The Count expects more answers
this week.

Signed,

Count de Coupons.

LITERARY CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

Then—the lovely old conductor
waddled down the aisle and took my
suitcase as the brakeman bawled,
"Marlboro." I leaped up and ran
out of the coach. There were my
friends waiting for me out by the
little hen-coop of a station, and I was
at least an acting member of a happy
re-uniting scene.

Trains no longer hold any glamor
for me. The only emotions they
arouse in me now is the thought that
blessed feeling of relief at the
thought that I am not on one at this
moment.

G. R. T.

MARTHA'S AWAKENING

"Tickets, please, tickets, please."

Martha woke with a start, fished
sheepishly in the mesh bag on her
arm for the cause of this disturbance
and, when the conductor had passed
on to the next offender, curled up
again kittenlike on the seat.

But somehow, sleep did not come
again as easily as in the first few mo-
ments when on entering the coach she
had determined to keep wide awake
until she had passed in her ticket and
then sleep peacefully as the other
occupants of the car were doing. She
felt so tired, she would just lean on
the arm of the seat, she thought, and
anyhow, what was the use of sitting
bolt upright when everyone else was
sleeping as was all too evident. It
gave her such an uncanny, lonesome
feeling. And so without realizing it,
sleep had overtaken her.

As she lay now, this time courting
sleep, thoughts of the day's and es-
pecially the evening's happenings
crowded into her brain. The one
thought uppermost in her mind was
the conversation she had had with a
friend during the few minutes they
had waited together at the junction
for Martha's train. There had been a
long but pleasant one crowned in the
evening by her graduation with high
honors at a little school on the Gen-
esee River. And now she was going
home, going with Marjorie's words
ringing in her ears, "Coming back
next year, Martie?"

"No."

"You could if you chose, couldn't
you?"

"Oh, yes, father'd send me here if
I liked, but, oh, you know as well
as I do, Marjorie, they are so partic-
ular here. There's no society life;
folks actually look shocked if you
wear a gown *even mildly stylish* and
I do so want to go for one year to a
real tony, up to *date* college. I've
stuck through this year and gradua-
ted to please father. He used to at-
tend here, you know, and never
would be satisfied until I came one
year at least. Now he said I could
do as I liked, if I'd come this year—
and I want to go to Wellesley."

"My, if I only had your chance!
I'd give a fortune for it, but—"

Here the train had put an end to
all further conversation except hasty
farewells and Martha entered the
day coach, having been disappointed
in securing a berth.

And now these words would not
let her sleep, "My, if I only had
your chance."

She knew Marjorie did not mean
her chance to go to Wellesley and
enter the society life which allured
her with such fascination. She only
meant the chance to return to
Houghton which Martha herself
ignored. What could she mean?
Yet she had been with Marjorie long
enough to realize that behind those
few words was a deep, sincere long-
ing.

"I don't see why," thought Mar-
tha, "I've felt so cramped the whole
year, nothing to do but study and
go to church,—great life for a young
person if that's all there is to it. Go
back? NEVER!"

Then sleep overcame her, and
when she awoke again, it was light.
Everyone else in the car was sitting
up and she felt very foolish with her
unkempt appearance, untidy hair,
and sleepy, staring eyes.

However, she was soon ready to
sit comfortably by the car window
and enjoy the morning. And it was
such a beautiful morning! First the

rising sun seemed to race at a ter-
rific rate through the heavens and
then plunge in hiding behind a
mountain as they passed. Now the
water in the little streams and lakes
sparkled besplendent with sunrise
joy and then faded into beautiful
blue as they drew nearer. Martha's
nature-loving soul was stired to the
depths. She took from her bag
some note-paper and once again the
thoughts of the night before came
plunging into her brain. She could
not write to her friends at school
about nearing her journey's end. She
could not even describe the country
she was passing through. She could
only think of the spell her Alma
Mater seemed to have cast over her
schoolmates.

In the station near her home wait-
ed her father, a middle aged man
with kindly eyes and hair slightly
tinged with gray. If one could have
read his thoughts that morning he
would have known how dear to him
his daughter was. When the train
pulled in, he looked anxiously for
Martha and she was soon in his
arms.

Seated in the cushions of the lux-
urious motor car on the way home,
Martha said, "Father, you are such
a very sensible man, but really why
did you want me to go to Hough-
ton?" Her father glanced up, sur-
prise and pain only partially con-
cealed at this sudden question.
"Then you don't want to go back,
daughter?"

"No, father, to Wellesley, if I
may choose."

The summer sped on. Letters had
come from her school friends telling
of their plans for the coming year,
and she in return had written en-
thusiastically about her long cherish-
ed hope of going to Wellesley, now
so near realization. And yet as the
weeks flew by, she was tiring more
and more of the gay society life in
her home city, and oft and anon, she
cherished a secret wish, momentary
perhaps, for the quiet little school
town where she had spent the winter
before, and for the true friends she
had made there.

(Continued next week.)

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SETTING-UP EXERCISES

- 1—Yawn.
- 2—Blink slowly, and yawn.
- 3—Slide down in seat to semi-re-
clining position and extend feet for-
ward. You will probably connect
with someone else's feet. If so, ex-
tend sideways. If you again con-
nect, extend backwards.
- 4—Readjust necktie, powder nose,
or both.
- 5—Remove watch to ear to ascer-
tain whether or not has stopped.
- 6—Push books off seat-arm. (For
best results shove off one at a time).
- 7—Look nonchalant and try to
take a line or two of notes.

8—Shake fountain pen to see if
dry. (If it squirts ink all over neigh-
bor, it is not dry).

9—Repeat 1-9 until bell.

See you in Old Norse Mythology
75, along with forty other loafers.
Cornell Sun.

Students of the University of Chi-
cago who cheat in examinations are
going to feel mighty unpleasant when
Dr. J. A. Larson starts to experiment
on them with the "lie detector." The
purpose of the experiments according
to Dr. Larson, research psychiatrist,
is to determine the success of the
machine and to prove its value in a
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